THE WORLD FOR SALE

By SIR GILBERT PARKER
Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Money Master," etc.

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Fleda Druse, daughter of Gabriel Druse, of gypsy blood, shoots in a canoe the Carillon rapids on the Sagalac river where it flows between the towns of Manitou and Lebanon in the Canadian Northwest. She is rescued from the whirlpools below by Max Ingolby, a manager of great interests, who has come to Lebanon to unite the two towns and make them the center of commerce in the western north. On the shore she is insulted by Felix Marchand, a powerful but disreputable character of Manitou. Ingolby attacks Marchand, who vows revenge. Fleda is claimed by one Jethro Fawe as his wife, under a gypsy custom which united them in marriage when they were children. Fleda rejects him. Marchand stirs up a feud between the two towns in order to foil Ingolby's ambitions. A strike is to be called. Ingolby's new bridge is to be blown up and he, himself, thrown into the river. Ingolby determines to mingle that night with his enemies in Manitou disguised as a French Canadian. Ingolby and Fawe meet for the first time and Ingolby invites Fawe to his home.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

Matter and Mind and Two Men

PROMPTLY at 9 o'clock Jethro Fawe knocked at Ingolby's door, and was admitted by the mulatto man-servant Jim Beadle, who was to Ingolby like his right hand. It was Jim who took command of his house, "bossed" his two female servants, arranged his railway tours, superintended his kitchen—with a view to his own individual tastes; valeted him, kept his cigars within a certain prescribed limit by a firm actuarial principle which transferred any surplus to his own use; gave him good advice, weighed up his friends and his enemies with shrewd sense; and protected him from bores and cranks, borrowers and "dead-beats."

Jim was accustomed to take a good deal of responsibility, and had more than once sent people to the right-about who had designs on his master, even though they came accredited. On such occasions he did not lie to protect himself when called to account, but told the truth pertinaciously. He was obstinate in his vanity, and carried off his mistakes with aplomb.

When asked by Ingolby what he called the governor when he took His Excellency over the new railway in Ingolby's private car, he said, "I called **him** what everybody called him. I called him 'Succelency.' " And "Succelency" for ever after the governor general was called in the West. Jim's phoentic mouthful gave the West a roar of laughter and a new word to the language. On another occasion Jim gave the West a new phrase to its vocabulary which remains to this day. Having to take the wife of a high personage of the neighboring republic over the line in the private car, he had astounded his master by presenting a bill for finger-bowls before the journey began. Ingolby said to him, "Jim, what the devil is this—finger-bowls in my private car? We've never had finger-bowls before, and we've had everybody as was anybody to travel with us." Jim's reply was final. "Say," he replied, "we got to have 'em. Soon's I set my eyes on that lady I said, 'She's a finger-bowl lady.' "

" 'Finger-bowl lady' be hanged, Jim, we don't—" Ingolby protested, but Jim waved him down.

"Say," he said decisively, "she'll ask for them finger-bowls—she'll ask for 'em, and what'd I do if we hadn't got 'em?"

She did ask for them; and henceforth the West said of any woman who put on airs and wanted what she wasn't born to, "She's a finger-bowl lady."

It was Jim who opened the door to Jethro Fawe, and his first glance was one of prejudice. His quick perception saw that the Romany wore clothes not natural to him. He felt the artificial element, the quality of disguise. He was prepared to turn the visitor away, no matter what he wanted, but Ingolby's card handed to him by the Romany made him pause. He had never known his master give a card like that more than once or twice in the years they had been together. He fingered the card, scrutinized it carefully, turned it over, looked heavenward reflectively, as though the final permission for the visit remained with him, and finally admitted the visitor.

"Mr. Ingolby ain't in," he said. "He went out a little while back. You got to wait," he added sulkily, as he showed the Romany into Ingolby's working-room.

As Jim did so, he saw lying on a chair a suit of clothes on top of which were a wig and false beard and mustache. Instantly he got between the visitor and the make-up. The parcel was closed when he was in the room a half-hour before. Ingolby had opened it since, had been called out, and had forgotten to cover the things up or put them away.

"Sit down," Jim said to the Romany, still covering the disguise. Then he raised them in his arms, and passed with them into another room, muttering angrily to himself.

The Romany had seen, however. They were the first things on which his eyes had fallen when he entered the room. A wig, a false beard, and a workman's clothes! What were they for? Were these disguises for the Master Gorgio? Was he to wear them? If so, he—Jethro Fawe—would watch and follow him wherever he went. Had these disguises to do with Fleda—with his Romany lass?

His pulses throbbed: he was in an overwrought mood. He was ready for any illusion, susceptible to any vagary of the imagination.

He looked round the room. So this was the way the swaggering, masterful Gorgio lived?

As his eyes brightened from gloom and sullenness to valiant enmity, they suddenly fell on a table in a corner where lay a black coffin-shaped thing of wood. In this case, he knew, was the Sarasate violin. Sarasate—once he had paid ten lire to hear Sarasate play the fiddle in Turin, and the memory of it was like the sun on the clouds to him now. In music such of him as was real found a home. It fed everything in him—his passion, his vanity; his vagabond taste, his emotions, his self-indulgence, his lust. It was the means whereby he raised himself to adventure and to pilgrimage, to love and license and loot and spying and secret service here and there in the east of Europe. It was the flagellation of these senses which excited him to do all that man may do and more.

He was going to play to the masterful Gorgio, and he would play as he had never played before. He would pour the soul of his purpose into the music—to win back, or steal back, the lass sealed to him by the Starzke river.

"Kismet!" he said aloud, and he rose from the chair to go to the violin, but as he did so the door opened and Ingolby entered.

"Oh, you're here, and longing to get at it," he said pleasantly.

He had seen the look in the eyes of the Romany as he entered, and noted which way his footsteps were tending. "Well, we needn't lose any time, but will you have a drink and a smoke first?" he added.

He threw his hat in a corner, and opened a spirit-table where shone a half-dozen cut-glass tumblers and several well-filled bottles, while boxes of cigars and cigarettes flanked them. It was the height of modern luxury imported from New York and Jethro eyed it with envious inward comment. The Gorgio had the world on his key-chain! Every door would open to him—that was written on his face—unless Fate stepped in and closed all doors!

The door of Fleda's heart had already been opened, but he had not yet made his bed in it and there was still time to help Fate, if her mystic finger beckoned.

Jethro nodded in response to Ingolby's invitation to drink. "But I do not drink much when I play," he remarked. "There's enough liquor in the head when the fiddle's in the hand, Dadia, I do not need the spirit to make the pulses go!"

"As little as you like then, if you'll only play as well as you did this afternoon," Ingolby said cheerfully.

"I will play better," was the reply. "On Sarasate's violin—well, of course."

"Not only because it is Sarasate's violin, kowadji!"

"Kowadji! Oh, come now, you may be a gypsy, that doesn't mean that you're an Egyptian or an Arab. Why Arabic—why kowadji?"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "Who can tell! I speak many languages. I do not like the Mister. It is ugly in the ear. Monsieur, signor, effendi, kowadji, they have some respect in them.

"You wanted to pay me respect, eh?"

"You have Sarasate's violin!"

"I have a lot of things I could do without."

"Could you do without the Sarasate?"

"Long enough to hear you play it, Mr.—what is your name, may I ask?"

"My name is Jethro Fawe."

"Well, Jethro Fawe, my Romany chal, you shall show me what a violin can do."

"You know the Romany lingo?" Jethro asked, as Ingolby went over to the violin-case.

"A little—just a little."

"When did you learn it?" There was a sudden savage rage in Jethro's heart, for he imagined Fleda had taught Ingolby.

"Many a year ago when I could learn anything and remember anything, and forget anything." Ingolby sighed. "But that doesn't matter, for I know only a dozen words or so, and they won't carry me far."

He turned the violin over in his hands. "This ought to do a bit more than the cotton-field fiddle," he said dryly.

He snapped the strings, looking at it with the love of the natural connoisseur. "Finish your drink and your cigarette. I can wait," he added graciously. "If you like the cigarettes, you must take some away with you. You don't drink much, that's clear, therefore you must smoke. Every man has some vice or other, if it's only hanging on to virtue too tight."

He laughed eagerly. Strange that he should have a feeling of greater companionship for a vagabond like this than for most people he met. Was it some temperamental thing in him? "Dago," as he called the Romany inwardly, there was still a bond between them. They understood the glory of a little instrument like this, and could forget the world in the light on a great picture. There was something in the air they breathed which gave them easier understanding of each other and of the world.

Suddenly with a toss Jethro drained the glass of spirit, though he had not meant to do so. He puffed the cigarette an instant longer, then threw it on the floor, and was about to put his foot on it, when Ingolby stopped him.

"I'm a slave," he said. "I've got a master. It's Jim. Jim's a hard master, too. He'd give me fits if we ground our cigarette ashes into the carpet."

He threw the refuse into a flower pot.

"That squares Jim. Now let's turn the world inside out," he proceeded. He handed the fiddle over. "Here's the little thing that'll let you do the trick. Isn't it a beauty, Jethro Fawe?"

The Romany took it, his eyes glistening with mingled feelings. Hatred was in his soul, and it showed in the sidelong glance as Ingolby turned to place a chair where he could hear and see comfortably; yet he had the musician's love of the perfect instrument, and the woods and the streams and the sounds of night and the whisperings of trees and the ghosts that walked in lonely places and called across the glens—all were pouring into his brain memories which made his pulses move far quicker than the liquor he had drunk could do.

"What do you wish?" he asked as he tuned the fiddle.

Ingolby laughed good-humoredly. "Something eastern; something you'd play for yourself if you were out by the Caspian sea. Something that has life in it."

Jethro continued to tune the fiddle carefully and abstractedly. His eyes were half closed, giving them a sulky look, and his head was averted. He made no reply to Ingolby, but his head swayed from side to side in that sensuous state produced by self-hypnotism, so common among the half-eastern races. By an effort of the will they send through the nerves a flood of feeling which is half-anesthetic, half-intoxicant. Carried into its fullest expression it drives a man amok or makes of him a howling dervish, a fanatic or a Shakir. In lesser intensity it produces the musician of the purely sensuous order, or the dancer that performs prodigies of abandoned grace. Suddenly the sensuous exaltation had come upon Jethro Fawe. It was as though he had discharged into his system from some cells of his brain a flood which coursed like a stream of soft fire.

In the pleasurable pain of such a mood he drew his bow across the strings with a sweeping stroke, and then for an instant he ran hither and thither on the strings, testing the quality and finding the range and capacity of the instrument. It was a scamper of hieroglyphics which could only mean anything to a musician.

"Well, what do you think of him?" Ingolby asked as the Romany lowered the bow.

"Paganini—Joachim—Sarasate—any one, it is good enough," was the half-abstracted reply.

"It is good enough for you—almost, eh?"

Ingolby meant his question as a compliment, but an evil look shot into the Romany's face and the bow twitched in his hand. He was not Paganini or Sarasate, but that was no reason why he should be insulted.

Ingolby's quick perception saw, however, what his words had done, and he hastened to add: "I believe you can get more out of that fiddle than Sarasate ever could, in your own sort of music, anyhow. I've never heard any one play half so well the kind of piece you played this afternoon. I'm glad I didn't make a fool of myself buying the fiddle. I didn't, did I? I gave $5000 for it."

"It's worth anything to the man that loves it," was the Romany's response. He was modified by the praise he had received.

He raised the fiddle slowly to his chin, his eyes wandering round the room, then projecting themselves into space, from which they only returned to fix themselves on Ingolby with the veiled look which sees but does not see—such a look as an oracle, or a death-god, or a soulless monster of some be-tween world, half-pagan god would wear. Just such a look as Watts's "Minotaur" wears in the Tate Gallery in London.

It was impossible for Ingolby to resist the spell of the music. Such abandonment he had never seen in any musician, such riot of musical meaning he had never heard. He was conscious of the savagery and the bestial soul of vengeance which spoke through the music, and drowned the joy and radiance and almost ghostly and grotesque frivolity of the earlier passages; but it had no personal meaning to him, though at times it seemed when the Romany came near and bent over him with the ecstatic attack of the music, as though there was a look in the black eyes like that of a man who kills. It had, of course, nothing to do with him; it was the abandonment of a highly emotional nature, he thought.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DAILY NOVELETTE

THE NEW MAID

By Hortense Caldwell

FLORENCE WILSON was seated in the middle of a group of girls on the steps of the college dormitory. "I'll bet you all a big box of candy apiece," here she stopped until the commotion subsided: "you needn't think it's so funny, you won't get it," she added.

"But Florrie, that scheme of yours is absurd. Just because you live in Arizona isn't a sign you have to hire out as a maid for the summer. You know very well we would love to have you visit us."

"Thank you, Beatrice, but I have fully made up my mind to answer Mrs. Rawson's ad. And if I keep my job all summer you all get that box of candy."

The next day Florence dressed as simply as she knew how and set off to secure the situation as a maid in the palatial residence of the wealthy Mrs. Rawson. Timidly she rang the bell, to be admitted by a trim maid in black and white. Florence gave her a friendly glance and sat down in the library to await her turn for an interview.

Finally she heard a sharp "Miss Wilson," and slowly she arose from the chair.

Upon entering she found Mrs. Rawson quite the opposite from what she had expected to see. The lady was little and white-haired; in fact, with quite a motherly air. Florence gave a little gasp as she entered the room, thinking of her own little mother away off in faraway Arizona.

After a few friendly questions she was told to report the next day. Florence ran all the way back to the college with the good news, only to be scolded and lectured by her schoolmates.

"The idea of you, with your social standing, to think of doing this," one girl exclaimed.

"Ida Longworth, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. It is good, honest work, and it won't hurt me one bit. I might just as well work as spend the whole summer running around visiting my friends."

The next day Florence left her friends at the railroad station, not to see them again until their return to school in the fall. As she turned her steps toward her new quarters she could think of nothing but her new duties, and two hours later found her in her uniform awaiting orders.

Everything went along smoothly and Florence was congratulating herself on her ability as a maid.

At last one day Mrs. Rawson called her into her own private sitting room. The minute Florence entered her eyes fell upon a photograph on her dressing table. Mrs. Rawson evidently saw the glance and volunteered the information that it was her son, expected home from college in three days. Florence felt her heart leap up, but continued on in a discreet silence.

The three days passed quickly and with them came a young athletic fellow two years her senior. On their first meeting young Tom Rawson's eyes followed the new maid around the room. It was not until he had been home five days that he had the good fortune of catching her alone in the room. At last that day came, and he awkwardly asked her if she liked her work.

"Oh, yes, indeed," Florence answered. "One has to do something to earn a living."

Tom looked at her a little dubiously. "You don't look as if you have worked for yours very long," he remarked.

Florence felt as if she might be suspected. Many times he tried to make her answer catch questions, but each time she evaded the subject. One day, however, he asked her to go for a ride in his car, and as Mrs. Rawson was away for the week-end, she accepted the offer and went.

After they had got fairly started, Tom turned to the girl and said: "What are you doing this for, Florence Wilson? I know who you are, so don't try to fool me."

Florence tried to smile, but it changed into a look of anxiety. "You won't tell anybody and make me change my plans, will you?" she pleaded earnestly.

"On one condition, fair lady, and that is you let me take you out when the coast is clear."

Florence readily consented, and after that the summer flew by all too quick. At last came the end of August, and Florence gave her notice in a very businesslike way. Tom was right on hand when she gave it, and broke the uncomfortable silence by asking his mother if she would give her references.

"Yes, indeed, she is the best little girl I have ever had in my employ; in fact she seems like one of the family."

"Perhaps she will be some day, mother."

"Tom."

Of course explanations had to follow, but the result was that Florence went back to her friends with a wonderful ring on her left hand.

"I'll tell you what I will do, girls," she said after she had told them the great news. "Instead of that box of candy you can all come to my housewarming and we'll have a big spread."

Just as she was leaving them to return to their studies she called over her shoulder, "Girls, that will be four weeks from tomorrow."

The next complete novelette—Under Lockdale Elms.

CARRY MUSIC TO PEOPLE, PLEA OF CITY MUSICIANS

Would Teach Children to Cultivate Liking for Works of Best Composers—Tell What They Would Do With Endowment

EDUCATE the children of today if you want a musical city and country.

That was the answer, given in various phrasings, by more than a dozen of Philadelphia's leading musicians when they were asked what they would do to improve music conditions here if they had a $20,000,000 endowment to work with, such as left by the late Augustus L. Juilliard, of New York.

Several suggested free schools of music; others suggested a building that would house the Philadelphia Orchestra, operatic productions of local organizations as well as conservatories and offices; others said free concerts for the people and all of them believed that the big thing was to carry the best music to the people in general at the right time and the right price.

"Successful as the Philadelphia Orchestra has been," said Arthur Judson, manager of that organization, "reaching as it does audiences of 6000 each week of the musical season, it touches only about 10,000 new people each year. The same people come week after week and the new faces are few. It means we reach about one-half per cent of the population of Philadelphia through those Friday and Saturday concerts. What Philadelphia must do, and what every city of the country should do, is to wake up and carry the good music straight out to the people—where they can reach it at a moderate price. Prices are too high. We have proved to our own satisfaction that people do want music and would be only to happy to have it if they could afford it. We need plenty of auditoriums in the right parts of the city; more concerts; more artists and more teachers of music.

"There should be a determined effort to supplement the musical education in public schools by concerts. I should like to see a million dollar income used for defraying the expenses of string quartets, orchestras, pianists, violinists and singers in giving such concerts to children. If this country is ever to be made musical it will have to be done by reaching the school boys and girls in the right way."

Form Musical League

Mr. Judson believes that the first step in the betterment of music conditions here would be the co-ordination of all musical organizations into a league. "We would know then what we have and we need," he said.

Philadelphia is an ideal place for the country's seat of musical learning, in the belief of Gilbert R. Combs, head of the Combs Conservatory of Music at 1331 South Broad street.

"Philadelphians have a keener appreciation of music than any group of citizens in the country, I believe," he said. "There is no reason why a university of music would not be successful here. And I believe a $20,000,000 endowment could be used to great advantage. There should be first of all an endowed building that would house the conservatory of the Philadelphia Orchestra, grand opera productions and amateur productions of the better class.

"And I greatly favor endowed schools of music. I have always been against free scholarships. I belive, in nine cases out of ten, a free scholarship breaks the pupil—brands him as a pauper and makes him lose confidence in himself. But if we had endowed schools the tuition fees could be lessened and the schools would be open to men and women who lack extensive funds to carry on their musical education.

"Philadelphia is too conservative and too modest. She has a world of musical talent and should stand forth above many other cities that are called music centers.

Optimistic About Future

"I am most optimistic as to the musical future of the city. The war has done much to increase love and true appreciation of the value of music. Nations all over the world recognize its power. Our soldiers are returning with a greater knowledge and love for the art. A few years ago I would have been astonished to hear that 5000 people would sit on City Hall plaza night after night for a Wagnerian concert. But today it is a common and inspiring sight. The crowds that gather there demand the best music. They like it.

"Much of this, I think, is due to the schools and the thousands of community choruses organized all over the country when the war started. The greatest artists of the country gave their time during the war to singing and playing for the boys, many of whom had never before had a chance to hear such music. It has given them the taste for the best."

Nothing in the wide word but natural growth can help Philadelphia musically, in the opinion of Constantin von Sternberg, noted pianist and instructor.

"You can no more buy music than you can buy genius or love," he said. "We can only wait till people grow into the proper attitude. And I believe in the next generation the world will have advanced greatly in a musical way. While the parents of today do not know how to appreciate music, their children are growing up in a different atmosphere and learning to known the power and depth of the art.

"When 'star worship' ceases and people learn to appreciate music for its own sake, we will have traveled far in our journey. Today parents go to grand opera to hear Caruso, or Farrar or Melba. Their children have a keener sense of value, for they hear the opera as a whole, forgetting the star.

"I believe an opera company would be a splendid thing for Philadelphia, if there were no $2000 a night artists in it. Because they put themselves forward, they concentrate attention upon themselves, instead of sinking their personalities in their roles, making the most of their talent, and giving the proper value to the entire opera.

Lacks Self-Confidence

"One great trouble with Philadelphians is lack of self-confidence. They insist on going outside their own city for artists. They will take a mediocre man from New York rather than a genius from their own midst. I believe Philadelphia can match every one of New York's artists. I mean by that, every one of New York's resident artists. There are some high geniuses who make that city their headquarters—but New York cannot justly claim them as her own artists.

"As for a national school of music in Philadelphia," continued Von Sternberg, "I am doubtful if such a plan would succeed. A national school would mean a certain amount of government control, and, consequently, political control. You could never mix politics with music. Politicians are far from appreciating the fine arts and it would be a detriment to the nation to have music controlled by men whose only thought is for self-power."

Johan Grolle, head of the endowed Settlement Music School, who has had excellent chances to note how the poor appreciate music, said with such funds he would establish an institute to democratize music. "It would provide a musical education that would be a proper continuation of general education," he said. "Rich and poor would be able to obtain the best practical musical education at fees adapted to individual conditions by a sliding scale of tuition. It would avoid pauperizing and would act chiefly as the assisting agency for development of individual effort.

Herbert J. Tily, composer and director of choruses, would use such an income in organizing, developing and financing better and more universal choral music. "I would have sectional organizations all over the city," he said. "These, under competent conductors, would have both a community and musical value. The members would receive drill in sight reading and ensemble singing and, of course, would develop therefrom a sense of musical appreciation."

Samuel Lacier, conductor of the Curtis orchestra, composer and critic, suggested the training of musical audiences for the future. The best music, he said, should be carried to all the people, not just to the musically educated.

"If $20,000,000 were to be spent in the interest of music," said Hedda Van den Beemt, of the Philadelphia orchestra and conductor of the Frankford orchestra. "I would divide it among three things, symphony orchestra, music school, and opera. The symphony orchestra would require a home, an endowment fund and a pension fund. The school should be run in connection with the orchestra. There should be free scholarships. Then there should be an up-to-date opera house with extra large stage, newest machinery, modern dressing-rooms, spacious quarters for orchestra and chorus; the necessary rooms for an operatic school with a small hall for the performance of less pretentious works by students."

BRUNO DUKE

Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

THE PROBLEM OF THE NEW RESTAURANT

Just a Teaspoon

FOR a few days after our meeting at "The Golden Hour" restaurant, I was busy on "the problem of the smuggled jewels."

After making my report to Bruno Duke and discussing certain points in connection with the case, he said:

"Have a look at that spoon on the sideboard; it's in that little cardboard box."

Wondering what it was about, I walked to the sideboard and, opening the cardboard box, took out a silver-plated teaspoon of an unusual and distinctive pattern.

"What about it?" I queried, turning it over in my hand.

"Slip it in your pocket and ask Mary what she thinks of it and if she would like it."

I was puzzled, for I knew there was something back of his request.

"All right, Mr. Duke. Good afternoon." I walked briskly downstairs and within half an hour was holding my dear one in my arms.

We had nearly finished dinner before I thought of the spoon.

"What do you think of that!" I exclaimed when I happened to feel the box in my pocket.

"What's that?" she asked.

"This is for you to look at," I said, taking the box from my pocket.

"Why, Peter, you old darling," she cried, delighted, "You've bought me a little gift—you shouldn't have done it."

"I didn't," I blushed a little as I spoke. "Its not me—it's not me—it's from Mr. Duke; that is, Mary, it isn't from him exactly!"

"I understand everything you haven't said," Mary looked solemn, although her eyes were dancing with mischief, as they always do when she teases, "but why one teaspoon?" she wagged it between her thumb and finger as she spoke.

"Hem! You see, Mary, Mr. Duke wants to know what you think of it."

"Why?"

"I haven't the least idea." Then we both burst out laughing. After we fooled about the spoon for a while Mary said:

'Well, sir, you can tell Mr. Duke I want some like it. If he wants to give me one spoon, it will cost you some money, for I'll want at least five more like it."

"All right, lady mine. Now let's forget spoons and everything else and go to the movies."

When I entered Duke's apartment on Seventy-seventh street the next morning, I thought for a moment that he must have remained in his chair all night, for he was still smoking his hookah and was still dressed in his gorgeous-hued dressing jacket.

"Morning, Peter," he gave a friendly wave with his hand, which caused the hookah tube to curl 'round gracefully as if joining in his morning greeting. "What does Mary think of the spoon?"

"She likes it, but says if you give her one, I'll have to buy another five or eleven to make up a set."

"Splendid!" Duke carefully laid down the hookah tube. He got up and rubbed his hands together delightedly and said, "That makes it unanimous. Now, I'm sure I'm right."

"Say, Mr. Duke," I gasped, "what are you talking about?"

"About the laws of habit and—spoons," was his bewildering reply. "Now, let's hurry over to Newark and see those charming ladies at 'The Golden Hour' Restaurant."

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

What is a "Set-Off"?

Answer will appear tomorrow.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

"Transit Duty" is a tax imposed on goods for passing through a country.

GETS PAPAL BENEDICTION

James F. Herron Honored by Pope for War Work

In recognition of his varied services in the interests of the National Catholic War Council, James F. Herron has received from Pope Benedict a special cablegram, which was written on June 30, Mr. Herron's birthday. The message was delayed in transmission, and was received here yesterday, through Archbishop Dougherty. It was signed by Cardinal Casparri, and is as follows:

"Holy Father cordially imparts to conductor and workers of the Benedict Service Club apostolic benediction as a gauge of divine favors."

Mr. Herron learned that Cardinal Cerretti, who visited this country some weeks ago, and who visited the service house, was eloquent in his praise of Mr. Herron's work, and it is supposed that upon his recent return to Rome from the Peace Conference he suggested that the Pope recognize his zeal by sending a cablegram on his birthday.

Mr. Herron has been prominent in Catholic and educational matters in this city for some years. He was recently elected president of the Philopatrian Institute, and was the prime factor in establishing temporary hospitals under Catholic auspices all over the city at the breaking out of the epidemic last fall and equipping Philopatrian Hall as a hospital center.

He has been a leading member of the National Catholic War Council. He is also a director of the War Camp Community Service, representing the National Catholic War Council on its board. Seeing the need of a service house for the returning soldiers, Mr. Herron urged the council to finance such an institution, and some months ago he opened the Benedict House, which is conceded by the War Camp Community Service to be the most active of its kind in the country.

Mr. Herron was formerly a deputy receiver of taxes at one of the branch offices, and a close personal friend of the late Senator James P. McNichol.

Name Ship for Slain Marine

At the New York Shipyard, Camden, this afternoon at 1 o'clock the United States torpedo-boat destroyer Overton will be launched.

The vessel is named after the late Captain Macon C. Overton, of the marine corps, killed during the present war, and will be christened by his mother, Mrs. Margaret C. Overton, of Ensley, Ala. The Overton is the sixteenth of the destroyer fleet to be launched.

SERVANT ENJOYS FORTUNE

Drives Auto That Was Left to Her to Island Heights for Vacation

Anna Blackston, negro, who was left $25,000 cash and valuable property by her late employer, Oliver D. Wood, a Camden oil dealer, has utilized the automobile which was left to her and is driving to Island Heights, N. J., where she expects to spend the summer.

The house of her former employer at 312 North Third street, Camden, has been closed by her and will probably not be reopened until fall.

Miss Blackston was a servant and housekeeper for Mr. Wood for thirty-five years, and in making his will Mr. Cooper said that he desired to remember his friends, as his relatives had plenty. His entire estate is valued at $150,000. Neighbors who have known his servant for years approve of his choice in making her such a large bequest.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE SINGING STRANGER"

(A mysterious bird song draws Peggy, Billy and the birds into the woods. There they find that the singer is an old, bearded man, who seeks a daughter. The birds aid him by singing his song far and wide.)

Loving Heart But Ugly Face

GENERAL SWALLOW'S message to the singing stranger that a charming orphan girl was coming through the woods was followed at once by a glad burst of song from Catbird. He thought he had found the lovely daughter for whom the stranger was seeking and joyfully guided her to the little green cottage.

"Welcome!" cried Peggy and Billy. "Welcome!" chirped all the birds.

"Welcome, little daughter!" sang the stranger, and with that he warbled a bird song so sweet and alluring that the orphan girl stared at him with astonished eyes.

"Why, you sing like a bird!" she exclaimed.

"I sing in happy greeting to you, my daughter," he answered. "Tell me your name that I may put it in my song."

The orphan girl smiled with pleasure. "Eleanore is my name," she said. At once a song of rarest melody came from the lips of the stranger—a song in which a dozen bird calls were mingled, but through it all ran one name—the name of "Eleanore."

The orphan girl nodded in approval. "Your song is very pretty, but tell me, why do you call me daughter?"

"Because I wish to take you into my lonely heart and home. Because I want to become a father to you." A look of doubt crept into the eyes of Eleanore. "You haven't a father already, have you?" asked the stranger.

Eleanore shook her head. "No, I haven't any father, but some day I may have one, and when I do I want him to be very tall and handsome." The stranger winced as if Eleanore's words had hurt him. Peggy, looking

"But I can see your big nose and your crooked body."

at his bent form and ugly face, felt very sorry for him.

"But I have a tender heart," he said pleadingly. "I will love you very much."

Again Eleanore shook her head. "I cannot see your tender heart," she said. "But I can see your big nose and your crooked body."

The stranger winced once more, and Peggy felt sorrier than ever for him. She went to him and took his hand. "Do not feel bad," she whispered. "You have fine eyes and your voice is wondrous sweet."

The stranger brushed a tear from his eyes. "Do not be sorry for me, but for her," he said. "Poor child, she sees only that which does not count. Some day she will know what she is missing." He turned gently to Eleanore. "You came in answer to my call; you shall not go unrewarded. Within my cabin are wild berries and cream. Feast to your heart's content. When you are through I will have a note for you to take to a man who will be the kind of father you like, tall and handsome. And may you be happy."

So the stranger wrote his note, while Eleanore had a tea party with Peggy and Billy, feasting on juicy berries. When the berries were gone the stranger gave the note to Eleanore and said good-by. The stranger smiled, but as Eleanore passed from view, Peggy saw tears drop from his eyes and roll down his cheeks. Again she squeezed his hand comfortingly. He patted her head fondly. "Your father is a lucky man," he murmured.

From the distance came the call of Brown Thrush: "Sing in gladness! Sing in gladness! I bring a lovely daughter to the singing stranger!"

The stranger brushed away his tears and his eyes became bright again. "And maybe I am a lucky man, too," he cried. With that he burst into a song more beautiful than any he had sung before.

(Tomorrow will be told how joy comes to the stranger.)

CHILD CHOOSES OWN HOME

Girl Ends Dispute of Two Sets of Grandparents

A four-year-old girl was called upon by the Municipal Court yesterday to decide a dispute between her maternal and paternal grandparents as to which side should have custody of her. She chose her mother's parents, and Judge Bartlett, who heard the case, received the decision and judicially sanctioned it.

The child was Ethel L. Titcomb, who lives with the parents of her mother, Mr. and Mrs. Tustin L. Truitt, 2740 North Marvine street. The hearing was on a writ of habeas corpus brought by the paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Titcomb, 1851 North Camac street. Mr. Titcomb is a deacon in the Baptist church.

It was asserted the mother before her death pleaded with Mr. Titcomb to care for Ethel. The other side, however, contended the child was to live with the Truitts, in accordance with the mother's wish. When Judge Bartlett received the whispered decision of little Ethel that she desired to stay in her present home, he dismissed the proceedings.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Try It Out on a Deaf and Dumb Audience

By Chas. McManus